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Quick Draw McGraw

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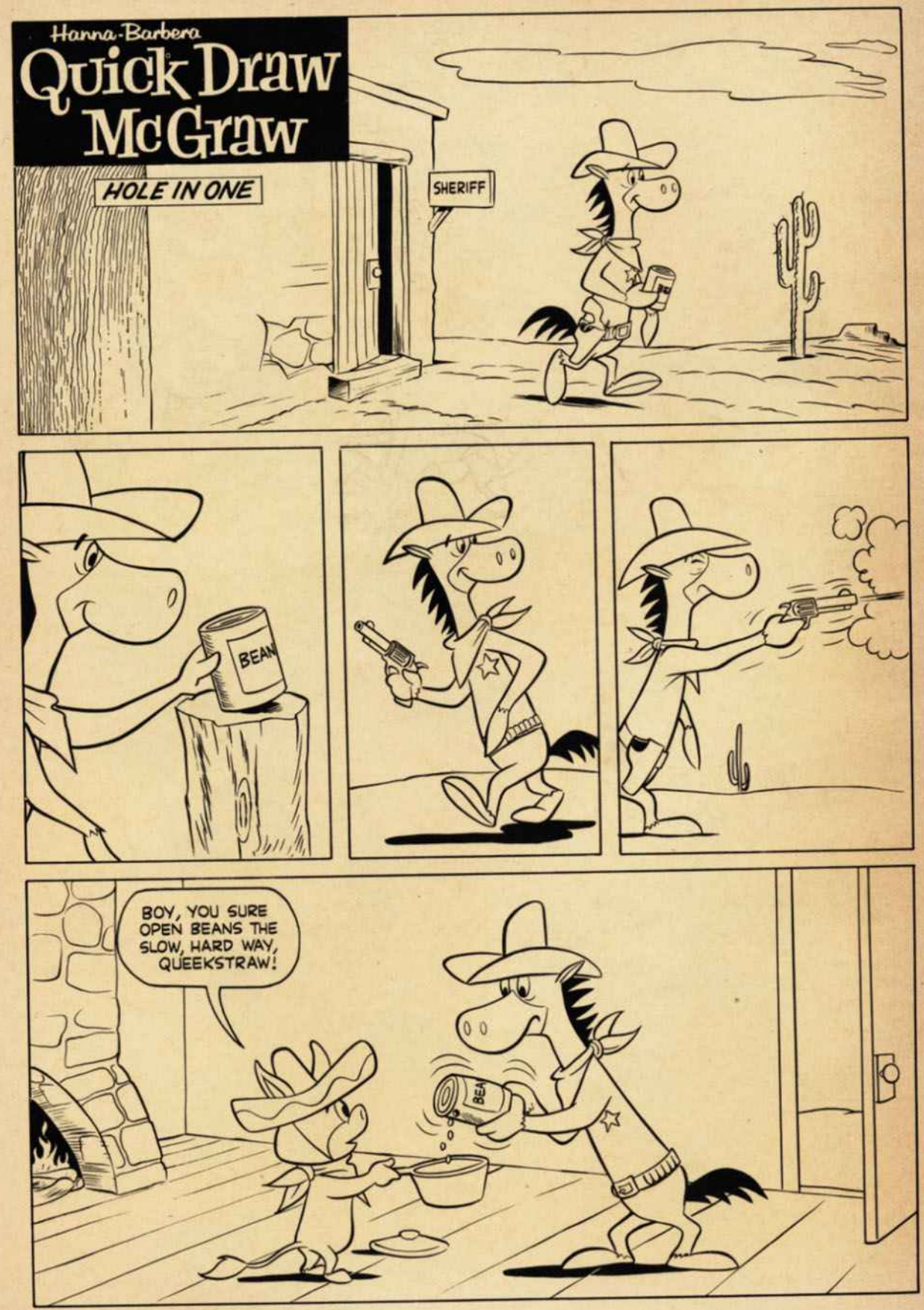
Hanna-Barbera
Quick Draw McGraw
HOLE IN ONE
SHERIFF
BEAN
BOY, YOU SURE OPEN BEANS THE SLOW, HARD WAY, QUEEKSTRAW!
BEAN

Hanna-Barbera

Quick Draw McGraw

ONE MAN POSSE

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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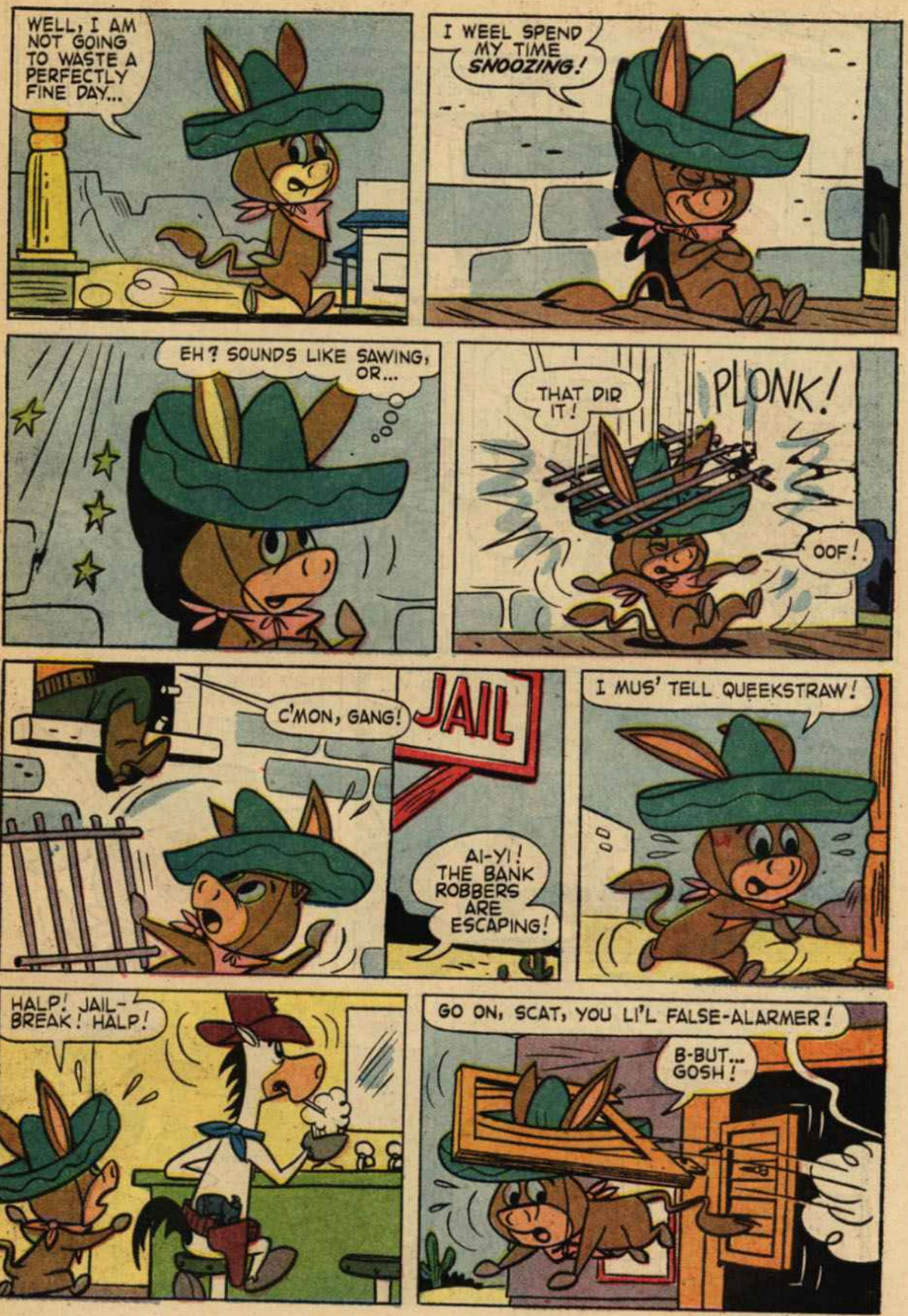
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

I'M NOT USED TO DOING NOTHING!
WELL, YOU SURE DO EET WITH MUCH GUSTO!
BUT EET IS A SHAME! I CAN'T STAND TO SEE HEEM SUFFER OVER NOTHING!
SO... I WEEL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO DO!
I HAVE A FRIEND WHO WEEL DO ANYTHING FOR A FRIEND OF MINE!
SO...
YOU WANT-UM ME TO ATTACK-UM QUICK DRAW JUST FOR FUN, EH? HA-HA! SOUND-UM LIKE GREAT SPORT!
THANKS, CHIEF!
NO TRADERS
JUST BE SURE TO USE RUBBER ARROWS!
UGH! ME NOT HURT-UM TIN-STARRED TARGET!
COME! HE EES RIGHT OUT EEN PLAIN VIEW IN THE STREET!

HOWEVER...
UGH! HIM NOT OUT IN PLAIN VIEW! HIM IN TRENCH TO AMBUSH ME!
OOPS! I CAN EXPLAIN, CHIEF! YOU SEE, QUEEKSTRAW EES A NERVOUS PACER, AND...
ME NOT STAND-UM FOR FORK-TONGUED, DOUBLE-CROSSER...
ER... CARE TO SIT, THEN?
TWANG!
HALP, QUEEKSTRAW! MASSACRE!
HUH?
SPOCK!
HEY! A RUBBER ARROW!
YOU ARE LUCKY! I GOT A REAL ONE RIGHT BETWIXT MY EAR-PARTS!
GR-R! I'LL SHOW HIM...
SNORT!
YOU NEVER CATCH-UM CHIEF FLEET-FEET!
OH, YEAH? I'M ALSO KNOWN AS THE STAMPEDE KEED!
GO GET HEEM, BIG BUDDY!

BAM!
BAM!
SHOW THAT INJUN EET DOES NOT PAY TO BE WARPATHY!
SAY... WHAT I STARTED AS A PHONY FIGHT TURNED EENTO REAL ROUGH STUFFS!
HEY, AMIGO! WHOA! CEASE HOSTILITIES!
THEES WAS ALL A FIXED-UP FIGHT... FIXED BY ME!
HUH?
I ASKED THE CHIEF TO ATTACK YOU JUST TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO DO, AMIGO!
DOGGONE YOU, BABA LOU... DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN!
BOY! SOME GRATITUDES!
BAM!
BAM!
I ONLY DEED IT FOR YOUR OWN HAPPINESS, QUEEKSTRAW!
AW, LEAVE ME ALONE!
SODA SHOP


WELL, I AM NOT GOING TO WASTE A PERFECTLY FINE DAY...
I WEEL SPEND MY TIME SNOOZING!
EH? SOUNDS LIKE SAWING, OR...
THAT DIR IT!
PLONK!
OOF!
C'MON, GANG!
JAIL
AI-YI! THE BANK ROBBERS ARE ESCAPING!
I MUS' TELL QUEEKSTRAW!
HALP! JAIL-BREAK! HALP!
GO ON, SCAT, YOU LI'L FALSE-ALARMER!
B-BUT... GOSH!

THINGS ARE GOING FROM WORSE TO WORST!
BANK
STICK 'EM UP, MONEY BAGS!
QUEEKSTRAW! HALP! BANK ROBBERS! HALP!
AW, CUT IT OUT, BABA!
GOLLIES! HE DOES NOT BELIEVE ANYTHING I SAY!
BOOT!
BUMP!
BUMP!
LET'S GO, GANG!
HO-HO! WHAT A PICNIC THIS IS!
HM-M...
THEY HAVE GEEVEN ME THE BRAIN-RAIN!
I APOLOGIZE FOR ALL THE FALSE ALARMS, AMIGO! LET'S GO ON A PICNIC!
HEH! OKAY, CHUM!
HURRY! HURRY!
YOU GOT ICE CREAM IN THERE?

AND A MERE ZOOM AWAY...
SST! THERE EES YOUR PICNIC, AMIGO!
HUH? I WAS TRICKED, BUT FOR A WORTHY CAUSE!
YOU'RE NOT AS BAD AS YOU SEEM, BABA!
THANKS!
NOW JUST EASE ME DOWN ON THIS ROPE AND I'LL GET THE DROP ON THOSE VARMINTS!
SÍ!
EASY DOES IT!
SÍ!
NOW STICK 'EM UP!
(ULP!) OKAY!
HEY! NOT YOU, BABA LOU!

OH-OH! SORRY I GOOFED, AMIGO!
EH? YOU NOT LAND WEETH A SICKENING THUD!
QUICK! STICK 'EM UP!
HEY! THEES WORKED OUT EEN A LAW-ABIDING KINDA WAY!
COME ON DOWN, BABA!
(WHEW!) EEF ANYBODY DESERVES THIS, EET IS YOU, AMIGO!
HEH! LEAVE EET TO QUEEKSTRAW TO COME OUT ON TOP OF A STICK-UP!
THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL!
TO TOWN (AND JAIL)
THE END

Hanna-Barbera

Quick Draw McGraw

STAGE STRUCK

WELL, NOW... I'M SURE I CAN DO THAT REAL GOOD! I'LL SIGN!
GOOD! WE'LL MAKE A MINT! THE SHOW GOES ON AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!
Contract
BOSTON BUTCH, PUT THESE POSTERS UP ALL OVER TOWN! WE WANT TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE'S AT OUR LITTLE SHOW TONIGHT!
RIGHT, BOSS! HEH! HEH!
WHEN QUICK DRAW LEAVES...
TONIGHT, YOU GUYS WILL GO WITH BOSTON BUTCH AND BLOW OPEN THE BANK VAULT, WHILE I KEEP THE WHOLE TOWN WAITING FOR THE CURTAIN TO GO UP!
GOTCHA, BOSS!
WHAT A SCHEME!
WE'RE HERE, MR. BLUNTLINE! SHOW US WHAT TO DO WHEN THE PLAY STARTS!
FINE!
SHOW TIME...
FIRST, PUT THESE BLANKS IN YOUR GUN SO THAT NO ONE WILL GET SHOT WHEN THE MAKE-BELIEVE SHOOTING STARTS!
RIGHT! I WOULDN'T WANT TO HURT YOUR ACTORS WITH MY SUPER-FAST QUICK DRAW!
BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE THE REST OF YOUR ACTORS?
OH, THEY'LL BE ALONG! YOU'D BETTER GET BACKSTAGE! THE THEATER'S STARTING TO FILL UP!
EXIT

I CAN'T DO IT, BABA! I GUESS I'M GETTING STAGE FRIGHT! I CAN'T GO OUT THERE!
M-ME, TOO, QUEEKSTRAW!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I'M WITH YOU!
WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO OUT ON THE STREET!
STREET EXIT
BOOM!
HEY! THAT EXPLOSION CAME FROM THE BANK!
BANK
IT'S THOSE ACTORS! THEY ARE ROBBING THE BANK!
HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
BANK
GO GET HELP, BABA! I'LL CORNER THESE CROOKED ACTORS IN THIS DEAD-END ALLEY!
BAP!
TRAPPED!
CURSES! JUST ONE THING TO DO... WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT WITH Mc GRAW!
YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
PING!
BLAM!
BANG!
BAM!
DON'T BE AFRAID! YOU'VE GOT HIM OUTNUMBERED! RUSH HIM!

OKAY, BOSS!
HERE WE COME!
ONE SIDE, Mc GRAW, OR YOU'LL GET A BULLET!
BANG! BAM!
EEK! I CAN'T STOP 'EM ALL!
WE'RE COMING, QUEEKSTRAW!
HOORAY!
NOW, YOU ACTING ACTORS... OFF TO JAIL, AND YOU, TOO, MR. BLUNTLINE!
MY PLAN WOULD HAVE WORKED IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN STAGE FRIGHT!
GREAT WORK, SHERIFF Mc GRAW! I'LL SEE THAT THE CITY COUNCIL GIVES YOU A RAISE IN SALARY!
OHHHHHH!
JAIL
MAYOR
IS HE WOUNDED?
QUEEKSTRAW! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
PLOP!
(GULP!) I'M OKAY! I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER...
MY GUN WAS LOADED WITH BLANKS!
MAYOR
THE END

TURN TURTLE

"I hope I get home before Father does," Little Hoot panted as his feet fairly flew over the familiar trail that led to the treehouse where he lived with his father, the Wise Old Owl. "If he finds out that I haven't been studying my lessons . . . WOW!"

CRACK! PLOP! Suddenly, Little Hoot was flat on the ground, his feet in the air. He scrambled to get up, and looked around to see what had caused his fall.

"That's odd," he mused. "That rock wasn't in the middle of the trail when I came past here awhile ago."

"Of course, it wasn't," the rock retorted.

"Whooo!" Little Hoot cried in surprise.

"Because I'm not a rock," the voice snapped again. To prove it, a head and four legs popped into sight.

"A turtle!" Little Hoot recognized.

"Well, don't just stand there, staring. Haven't you ever seen a turtle upside down before?" the animal asked. "Turn me over. You know I can't do it myself."

"Boy," Little Hoot muttered to himself, "now I know why they call him a snapping turtle. He doesn't have to snap my head off. I didn't do anything to him."

Little Hoot was about to leave the turtle upside down when he remembered a lesson his father had taught him. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

"I guess if I were in trouble, I'd appreciate a helping hand," the owlet reasoned.

So, grunting and groaning, he pushed and shoved until he turned the turtle over.

"There you are," he said, expecting the turtle to have a word of thanks.

The turtle, however, just turned away and plodded off to hide under a nearby shrub.

"Humph!" Little Hoot hooted. "At least, he could have said thanks. Oh, well," he shrugged and hurried on his way.

The Wise Old Owl was standing in front of the tree when Little Hoot finally got home.

"Don't scold me, Father. I know I should have been studying, but I can explain. You see, I was putting into practice one of the lessons you taught me." He explained about helping the turtle. "But why didn't he say thank you?" Litttle Hoot asked his wise father.

"Ahem!" the Wise Old Owl coughed. "Well, Son, I'm sure he meant to. There was probably some very good reason why he didn't."

"Well, I don't think so much of your Golden Rule," Little Hoot scoffed.

"You mustn't judge it by this one experience, Son. Remember, actions speak louder than words," he added.

Two days later, Little Hoot was out alone in the woods when he got caught in a tangle of vines. The harder he tried to get loose, the tighter the vine held his foot.

"Golly," he worried, "I'm trapped. If I yell for help, the wolf or the bear might hear me, and then I'd be done for."

Silently, he struggled against the vine. He had just about given up any idea of getting free, when, SNAP! The vine broke. He was free at last.

"But whooo?" he wondered, looking around.

The same snapping turtle he had helped was standing nearby.

"Gee, thanks," Little Hoot cried joyfully.

"And thank you, too, Little Hoot," the turtle replied. "I couldn't thank you the other day because flipping me over jolted the breath out of me for a few minutes. I went to rest till I could catch my breath again, but then you were gone."

"That's all right," Little Hoot assured the turtle. "It's not the words that count, but the deeds," he grinned.

Hanna-Barbera **AUGIE DOGGIE**

The WAGGIN' DRAGON

AND SO...
I WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHY YOU PICKED THIS PLACE, AUGIE!
YOU'LL SOON SEE FOR YOURSELF, DEAR DAD...
Welcome TO YE OLDE KINGDOM OF CURFEW
IT'S ONE OF THE FEW OLD-FASHIONED PLACES LEFT IN THE WORLD!
SEE? THEY STILL HAVE KNIGHTS IN ARMOR!
YIPES! AND NO SPEED LIMIT, IT SEEMS!
AREN'T YOU JUST THRILLED CHILLY, DEAR DAD?
NO! BUT I SURE NEED DUSTING OFF!
AND LOOK AT THE CUTE, QUAINT LITTLE STONE HUTS!
CUTE?
QUAINT?
BAH!
BUT THEY'RE LITTLE, SURE ENOUGH! SO LITTLE THAT THE LIVING ROOMS ARE UNLIVABLE!

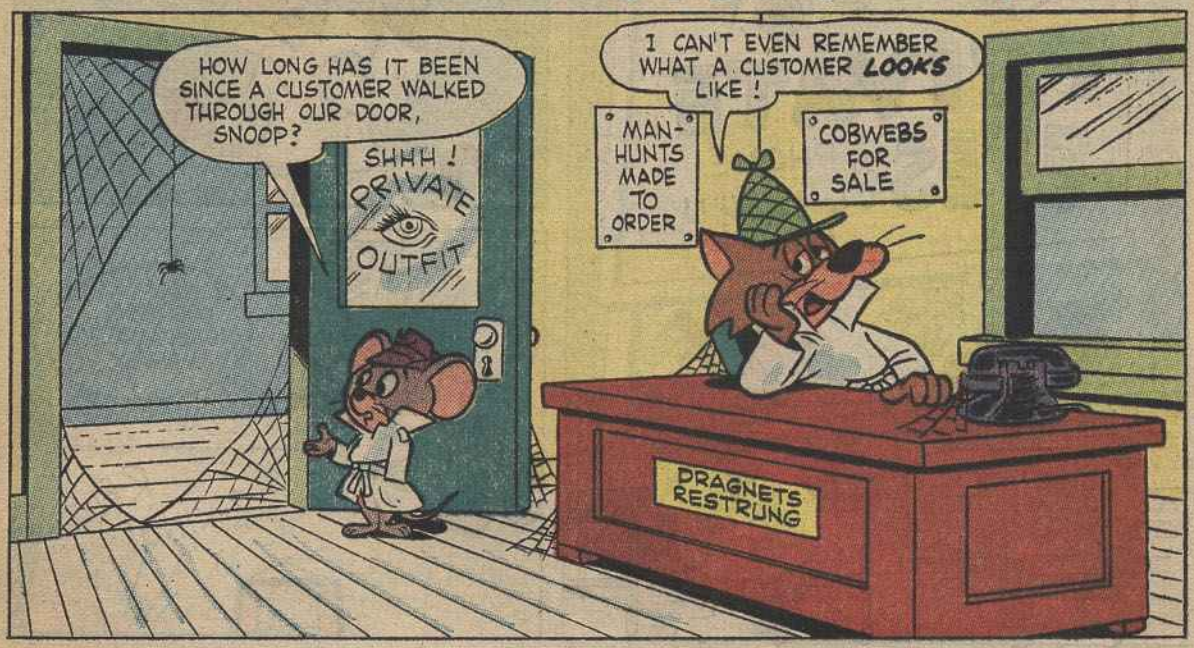
GOSH, CAN'T YOU ADD ON?
WITH WHAT? THERE JUST AREN'T ANY MORE STONES IN THE KINGDOM OF CURFEW!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU JUST BUILD WOODEN HOUSES?
THERE'S A BIG FOREST!
HAH! NO ONE DARES ENTER THE FOREST EXCEPT THE ROYAL KNIGHTS!
AND THEY DON'T STAY LONG! THERE'S A DRAGON IN THERE!
AH, I DON'T BELIEVE THAT STUFF ABOUT DRAGONS BEING BAD, DEAR DAD!
OH, AUGIE, ALL DRAGONS ARE BAD!
EVERY FAIRY TALE BOOK I'VE EVER READ HAS BAD DRAGONS IN IT!
REMEMBER THE STORY WHERE...
AUGIE?!?
IT'S OKAY, DEAR DAD... I'M JUST GOING TO FIND OUT WHICH OF US IS RIGHT!
OH, NO!

NICE DRAGON... PROVE TO MY DEAR DAD THAT YOU'RE NOT SO BAD!
(ULP!) I'VE GOT TO DRAW THE DRAGON'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM AUGIE!
I'LL LET OUT A YAP BEHIND THE DRAGON SO HE'LL TURN AWAY FROM MY DEAR BUT DUMB SON!
LOOK, FOND FATHER... HE'S LETTING ME PET HIM... HE LIKES IT...
YEOW! HE'S ALSO WAGGING HIS TAIL!
SWAT!
EEK! IT'S ALMOST LIKE I HAVE STRUCK DEAR DAD BY REMOTE CONTROL!
HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME, DEAR DAD?
WE'LL TALK IT OVER WHEN I COME DOWN, SON!
WANNA CUT MY ALLOWANCE IN HALF?
I'M TEMPTED, BUT I MUST ADMIT YOU PROVED YOUR POINT!

THAT DRAGON REALLY ISN'T A BAD CHAP... EXCEPT FOR HIS TAIL!
TRUE! HE BEHAVED ADMIRABLY AT MY END!
YOU KNOW, WITH A LITTLE HELP, THAT DRAGON COULD PROVE VERY USEFUL TO THE KINGDOM OF CURFEW!
HUH? NOW I'M NOT TUNED-IN TO YOU!
IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF AIMING THE DRAGON IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, DEAR BOY!
THE PEOPLE NEED WOOD... SO, PRESTO!
WELL, CANCEL MY DOG TAG!
WHACK!
WOK!
THE KINGDOM OF CURFEW IS GOING MODERN WITH THIS AUTOMATIC WAGGING WOODCHOPPER!
WOK!
BRAVO, DEAR DAD... IT'S SUCH A QUAINT OLD-FASHIONED WAY TO GO MODERN!
The End

Hanna-Barbera **SNOOPER and BLABBER**

THE ADVERTISED EYES



AND SO...
SNOOPER and BLABBER
PRIVATE EYES
PHONE CL-1234 U
THERE! NOBODY CAN MISS THIS SUPER SIGN!
THE WHOLE CITY CAN SEE IT!
LISTEN... OUR PHONE'S RINGING ALREADY!
R-RING!
LAST ONE DOWN IS AN AMATEUR MONKEY!
R-RING!
R-RING!
SNOOP 'N' BLAB AT YOUR SERVICE!
?
YEP! UH-HUH! AND HOW!
COME ON, BLAB! LADY VAN LINE SAW OUR SIGN FROM HER PENTHOUSE ON THE SNAZZ HOTEL! SHE SOUNDED VERY TROUBLED!
OH, BOY! A RICH CLIENT!
DOWN!
A FEW NICE FEES AND MAYBE WE CAN EAT AGAIN!
ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE!

AND, IN LADY VAN LINE'S PENTHOUSE...
BOO-HOO! MY PRECIOUS PEARL NECKLACE DISAPPEARED FROM MY NECK BETWEEN NINE AND TEN THIS MORNING! BOO-HOO!
NOW, NOW! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, MA'AM!
WE'LL CONDUCT AN INSTANT INVESTIGATION AND CATCH THE CULPRIT!
PSST! IT'S NO DOUBT AN INSIDE JOB, SO LET'S QUIZ THE SERVANTS!
YOU, BUTLER... ACCOUNT FOR YOUR ACTIONS FROM NINE TO TEN!
EASY...
I WAS DRINKING COCOA WITH THE MAID!
I WAS DRINKING COCOA WITH THE COOK!
AND I WAS COOKING THE COCOA FOR ALL OF US!
GOSH! THEY'VE GOT WATERTIGHT ALIBIS!
YOU MEAN COCOA-TIGHT!
ER... DO YOU SUPPOSE I JUST LOST MY NECKLACE?
HUH? ARE YOU TRYING TO TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF OUR WORK?

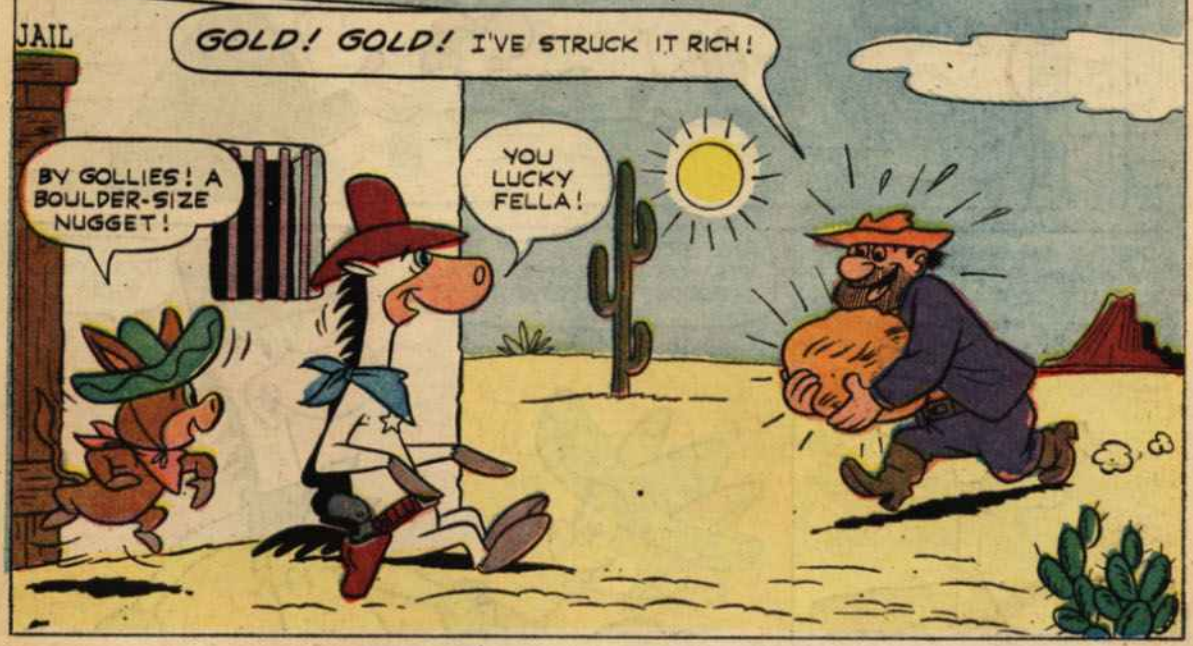
BUT IT'S VERY POSSIBLE! THE CLASP ON MY NECKLACE DIDN'T LOCK VERY WELL!
WELL, DON'T YOU WORRY, MA'AM... IF IT'S ANYPLACE AROUND, WE'LL FIND IT!
IT'S PROBABLY DOWN IN THIS DEEP THICK RUG!
MY, MY! YOU'RE CERTAINLY DOING A THOROUGH JOB!
WE LEAVE NO LEAF UNTURNED...
AND NO TUFT UNTOUCHED!
BUT, FINALLY...
WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS RUG SO MANY TIMES, I FEEL RUGGED!
LADY VAN LINE, UNACCUSTOMED AS WE ARE TO UTTER FAILURE...
WAIT, PLEASE! HEAR THAT...?
R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R!
ALL I HEAR IS AN AIRPLANE!
WHICH IS NO BIG DEAL!
BUT THAT'S WHY I LIVE IN A PENTHOUSE... SO I CAN SEE THE AIRPLANES BETTER!

YOO-HOO! HELLO, MR. AIRMAN! YOO-HOO!
GOSH! SHE WAVES AT PILOTS JUST THE WAY I LIKE TO WAVE AT TRAIN ENGINEERS!
AHA! SUDDENLY I SEE WHAT HAPPENED!..
I'LL BET YOUR NECKLACE FELL OVERBOARD THE LAST TIME YOU DID THIS!
EH? WHY, YES... IT COULD HAVE!
BUT, IF MY NECKLACE FELL IN THE STREET...OH, DEAR ME!
HMM...MAYBE IT DIDN'T GET THAT FAR, MA'AM!
COME ON, BLAB...JUST FOUR FLOORS BELOW!
!?!
AND...
GOSH, SNOOP ...THERE'S A SINK IN HERE IF YOU MUST WASH UP NOW!
HEH! I HAPPEN TO BE FISHING, CHUM!
AHA! LADY VAN LINE'S NECKLACE IN PERSON!
YAY! WE WON!

So...
YOU WONDERFUL FELLOWS... YOU'VE EVEN FIXED IT SO MY NECKLACE WON'T COME OPEN AGAIN!
GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE!
AND NOW... BACK TO HEADQUARTERS! MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE HAS SEEN OUR SIGN!
OH, TUT-TUT! YOU NEEDN'T ADVERTISE ANY MORE!
I'LL GLADLY RECOMMEND YOU TO MY FRIENDS! I GUARANTEE THE PAY WILL BE GOOD!
WOW!
IT'S A DEAL!
RUN OVER TO LADY LYMPHLY'S ESTATE! I'LL CALL TO TELL HER YOU'RE COMING!
OH, LUCKY US... SOCIETY SLEUTHS!
HMM...
ACTUALLY, I DIDN'T THINK OUR DETECTIVE WORK WAS SO EXTRA-SPECIAL, DID YOU?
WELL, ER...
AND SO...
OOH, HOW NICE! LADY VAN LINE SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST CLEANING TEAM IN TOWN!
OH, WELL... BUSINESS IS PICKING UP FOR SURE!
THE END

Hanna-Barbera Quick Draw McGraw

The GREAT GOLD RUSH ROBBERY



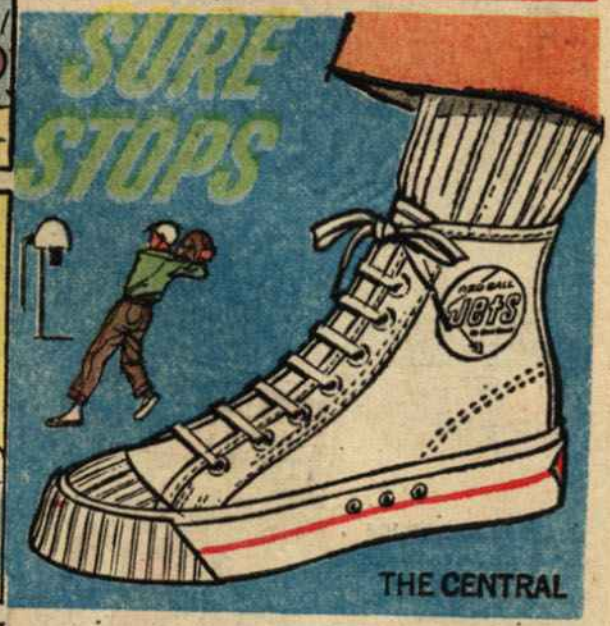
WOW! EET IS A GOLD RUSH!
IT'S MORE LIKE HIT 'N' RUN FROM MY VIEWPOINT!
ER...WHY DON'T YOU RUN ALONG, TOO, SHERIFF?
JAIL
GOSH! I CAN'T LEAVE THE TOWN UNPROTECTED! IT'S MY DUTY TO STAY ON DUTY!
AND EET IS MY DUTY TO STAY ON DUTY WEETH MY BEEG DUTYBOUND BUDDY!
THANKS, BABA!
BAH! BE STUBBORN THEN, BUT GET READY TO DRAW, SHERIFF!
TCH, TCH! YOU ASKED FOR TROUBLE, STRANGER!
QUEEKSTRAW-EES VERY QUEEK ON THE DRAW!
HE SAID A HOLSTERFUL!
TAKE THIS...
CLICK!
CLICK!
NOW, EEF ONLY YOU WEREN'T SO ABSENT-MINDED!
AW, ANYBODY CAN FORGET TO LOAD UP!

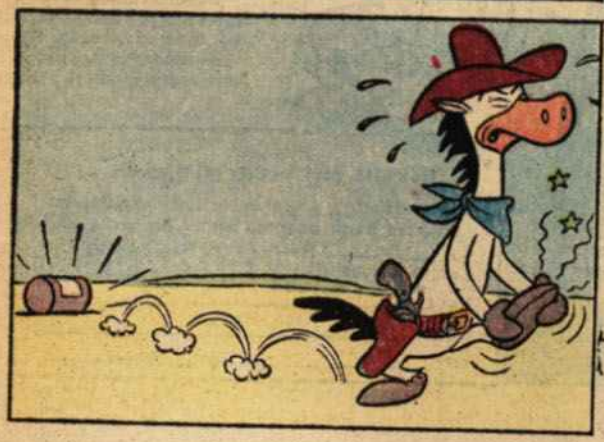
WELL, YOU GUYS ARE MY PRISONERS NOW!
BUT WHY DO YOU DO THEES THING, YOU RICH SEÑOR?
RICH? HA! THAT'S JUST A PLAIN OLD BOULDER PAINTED GOLD... A TRICK TO MAKE EVERYONE LEAVE TOWN!
WITH YOU LOCKED IN YOUR JAIL, THERE'LL BE NO ONE TO STOP ME FROM ROBBING EVERY STORE IN TOWN!
(GROAN!) THIS'LL RUIN EVERYBODY!
NOT TO MENTION YOU AT ELECTIONS TIME, AMIGO!
NOW WATCH WHAT I DO WITH THE KEY...
HAW! HAW! YOU'LL BE A LONG TIME BEHIND BARS, CHUMS!
BANK
AND NOW FOR MY SHOPPING TOUR! TRA-LA-LA ... I'M IN THE MARKET FOR MONEY!
OH, YOU MOST AWFUL HOMBRE!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE NASTY THINGS I WRITE ON YOUR WANTED POSTER!

OOPS! HELP, QUEEKSTRAW... I AM STUCK!
HMM... THAT'S ENCOURAGING!
I COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO FIT BETWEEN THOSE BARS!
SO?
SO, INSTEAD OF PULLIN' YOU IN, I'M GONNA PUSH YOU OUT!
OH, ME-OH-ME!
YAY! YOU'RE OUT!
UGH! BUT I FEEL ALL IN!
NOW GET THE KEY FOR ME, BABA LOOEY!
SÍ!
(ULP!) WHAT AM I DOING? I CAN'T HIGH DIVE... OR EVEN SWIM!
BUT DON' GO TO SLEEP... I WEEL BE BACK PRONTO!
LOCKSMITH SHOP
SEE, QUEEKSTRAW... A SKELETON KEY!

NOW YOU CAN FIGHT EET OUT WEETH THE BANDIT!
BAREHANDED? OH, NO... I'M NOT LAME-BRAINED!
I'M GONNA USE TRICKERY!
LOANS
DIAMONDS-WATCHES
JEWELRY
NOTICE HOW HE'S STOCKIN' UP ON BAGS OF MONEY...
WELL, LET'S FOOL HIM WITH PHONY MONEY BAGS... LIKE HE FOOLED US WITH A NO-GOOD NUGGET!
POST OFFICE
I'LL JUST PUT DOLLAR SIGNS ON THESE MAILBAGS AND HIS GREED WILL DO THE REST!
QUICK, BABA... HOP IN!
EH? I AM BEFUDDLE-HEADED!
SHH, BABA! YOU'LL SOON SEE HOW THIS WORKS!

AND SO...
WOW! I'VE REALLY HIT THE JACKPOT!
(HUFF-PUFF!) NOW TO PUT LOTSA MILES BETWEEN MYSELF AND THIS TOWN!
AND SHORTLY...
NOW!
I'VE HAD IT!
GOT'CHA, YOU VARMINT!
SI!
AND LATER...
HERE COME THE TOWNFOLK BACK FROM THEIR FALSE ALARM GOLD RUSH!
MAN, WE'VE ALL STRUCK IT RICH!
GOLLY! YOU DID FIND SOME GOLD!
BONK!
BONK!
HMM! AND NOW I HATE TO ASK FOR CONTRIBUTIONS...
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO CHIP IN TO BUILD A NEW JAIL WALL WHEN THIS JOKER FINISHES HIS HEAD-BONKIN'!
BONK!
BONK!
GRRR! TO THINK I COULD'VE STUCK A CLAIM ON THAT CANYON!





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